

# *VIRGINIA,*

AN OPERA,

In Three Acts,

---

BY MRS. F. PLOWDEN.

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THE OVERTURE AND THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC NEW;  
THE MELODIES COMPOSED BY THE AUTHOR OF THE  
DIALOGUE, AND HARMONIZED BY DR. ARNOLD.



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## *The Preface of the Author.*

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*Facts—not Comments.*

Penruddock, in Mr. Cumberland's *Wheel of Fortune*.

LITTLE did I ever expect to appear before the public; much less do I now wish it. Circumstances however impose upon me the unavoidable necessity of doing so.

Without entering into the question upon the aptitude and powers of the female mind for mental exertions, and the propriety of so employing it, I have but to say, that it was purely to dissipate and soften the gloom and pressure of the severest domestic misfortunes, that I first applied my mind to any sort of composition. I was perhaps too sanguinely encouraged by my friends to offer the production to one of the Proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre; his acceptance of the piece, after having read it, and heard all the music, naturally inspired me with more confidence, than I had before conceived of its success. It was given in to that Proprietor on the first of January, 1799 \*. On the 17th of July of that year, it was accepted, and I was pressed to have the melodies harmonized, in order to get it ready for performance, at the opening of the Theatre last season. I naturally applied for this purpose to Dr. Arnold, whose talents, taste and science are too well known to the musical world, to be here spoken of; and I had very early in life taken some lessons in composition of him. The whole of the music was arranged and given in to the Proprietor on the 21st of October, 1799. It was not however put into rehearsal till Monday the 27th of October, 1800, three days before its performance, when it was played over for the first time by the Orchestra, in the absence of Dr. Arnold, who had given a previous written notice to the Manager, that he could not attend on Mondays and Thursdays to sit at the harpsichord.

\* This circumstance proves the impossibility of the denouement having been borrowed from Mr. Morton's Comedy of *Speed the Plough*.

On Tuesday the 28th, was the first rehearsal in the presence of Dr. Arnold; but that was extremely defective on account of the absence (from severe indisposition) of Mrs. Mountain; consequently none of the Quartets or Duets in which she had a part could be rehearsed on that day; Miss De Camp began to sicken on the same day, and was also absent.

I will not dissemble, that I now began to look upon the failure of the piece as certain. It was told me at the Theatre, that Miss B. Menage was to perform Mrs. Mountain's part. I replied that could *not, must not be*. Yet upon applying to the Manager, he informed me it was to be so, and Mr. Kelly did not fail to assure me, that the Manager had positively so decided it. The generality of the performers on this day very candidly and kindly pressed me rather to withdraw the piece, than permit it to be brought out on the following Thursday, in the unprepared state in which all things then were. Mr. Suet assured me, he had fretted himself to illness, at the thought of its being to be brought out on the Thursday, and that he must read his part, if given on that night. Dr. Arnold and I pressed the Manager to postpone the performance, but in vain. He asserted to me, "*That the Proprietor's positive orders were, that it should come out on Thursday the 30th, or not at all;*" adding, that the performers would be all perfect in their parts for that night; and he pledged himself to me, that the scenes, dresses, decorations, dance, &c. should be all properly gotten up.

I came from this Rehearsal very dispirited, and was but little revived on my arrival home, from the receipt of a letter, to announce to me, that a party was raised by a Vocal Performer of Drury-lane to damn the piece. The letter named the person as the only one in that Theatre, whom the success of it would hurt. I was the more disposed to credit this letter, as the person named in it, Mr. Kelly, had in my presence some time ago, most solemnly protested, *that no musical performance should ever succeed at Drury-lane Theatre, which he did not approve of. And should the Proprietors attempt to bring forward any thing of the kind, he swore by G—d that he would hamper them.*

On Saturday evening, December 7, 1799, I was at Drury-lane Theatre to see Mr. Lewis's comedy of the East Indian, when Mr. Kelly came into the box, and asked me, *when I was to come out*; I replied, *I know not*. He then said, *I had been used very ill, and that it was his opinion the*  
*Proprietors*



## PREFACE.

*Proprietors intended to play me a trick*, and advised me to write them such a letter as he should dictate, to which I purposely avoided making any direct reply.

On the Tuesday I waited on Mrs. Mountain, who most generously assured me, that short as the time and ill as she was, she would risk any thing for the success of the piece, and attend the Rehearsal on the next morning at all hazards. She did attend, and for the cordial and spirited exertions of her admirable and transcendent powers on the night of performance, I am happy in an opportunity of paying her my public tribute of gratitude.

On the Wednesday, when I came to Rehearsal, I had the fresh mortification of hearing that Miss De Camp was confined to her bed; so that the part of *Benowiee*, which though not long, I had conceived to be interesting, was not rehearsed on that day, which in fact was the first Rehearsal of the Quartets and Duets. Yet I was agreeably surprised at the degree of perfection, with which this first Rehearsal went off.

On this day I was again pressed by the performers to urge the Manager to put off the performance. I did apply, and pleaded in vain the additional reason of Miss De Camp's illness; however, Miss B. Menage was sent home by the Manager, to study the part of *Benowiee* for the next day.

On the day of performance Miss B. Menage came to rehearse, with every wish and disposition to do justice to the part of *Benowiee*. But the want of time to get it up, and the diffidence of a delicate mind under such circumstances of embarrassment, naturally diminished her powers to perform a part of great exertion.

I was now fully convinced of the fate of the piece. Mr. Byrne, the Ballet Master, though of extraordinary talents, and uncommonly attentive to his department, had only been spoken to on the preceding Tuesday, to prepare for the dance, procession, pageantry, &c. He had not communicated with me till on Wednesday, when the dance was first rehearsed; but no arrangement appeared to have been made, either according to the music I had composed, or the instructions I had given in. It was however then too late to be altered, and I endeavoured to reconcile myself to the disappointment. I admire notwithstanding the talent and readiness with which Mr. Byrne got up the dance, that was performed in so short a time. I very frequently on this day spoke to the Manager and Prompter about the scenes, dresses, decorations, processions, and other  
necessary



necessary arrangements, &c. but was always desired to rest satisfied, and be assured, that whatever I wished and had directed should be provided for the night's performance.

With respect to the dialogue of the piece, I am still to this hour astonished at the alterations that took place in it, on the night of performance. I was summoned to attend the reading of the piece, and to the first rehearsal in the Green Room, which was no more than an examination of the performers different parts with the Prompter's book. At the reading of the piece, the Manager very kindly and judiciously suggested to me the alteration of a word or two. I thanked him, and in the presence of all the performers, I added, that I should hold myself obliged to him to make any further alterations he found necessary or advisable.

I was never more summoned to any Rehearsal, but I did occasionally call in, whilst Rehearsals were going forward, and I am free to say, that had I been ever so attentive, I could not have followed them so closely, as to be able to hear, much less judge of the dialogue that some of the Performers and the Prompter were supposed to rehearse. I felt no uneasiness upon this score, not apprehending that the dialogue was altered, and having full confidence, that the generality of the performers would do every justice that lay in their powers to their respective parts.

I acknowledge the Manager did once suggest, that the piece was too long, but he never said another word to me upon the subject. The performance of it however, with all its interruptions, on the 30th of October, in less than three hours, proves how unnecessary this suggestion was.

When therefore, by whom, and why, the different alterations were made in the dialogue, I have still to learn. I knew not till the night of performance, that they were made; but being so, I have thought it necessary to submit to the public the whole of the Drama, as I gave it in, and as I expected it would, and intended it should have been performed.

I do it not with a view to support its propriety or excellence, but to shew the Public the glaring injustice that was done to the Piece, by the unnecessary clippings and surlive deprivation of most of its explanatory and introductory connections. I studiously refrain from any comment or reflection upon the preparation of the Piece for public performance. I leave the naked facts to the judgment and observation

servation of such persons, whom curiosity, interest or sympathy may induce to read the following pages.

I most cordially acknowledge the kind exertions of Mess. Raymond, Barrymore, Palmer and Powell, and of Mrs. Sparkes and Miss Tidswell in their respective parts. I am intimately convinced of the sincere and upright intentions of Mr. Suet to do justice to his part; had he not been prematurely forced on the boards so much against his wishes and expectations; still I am under the necessity of disclaiming a very great part of what the audience heard from him on that night.

My particular acknowledgments are due to Miss Biggs, for her exertions under a most severe indisposition, which rendered her more fit for her bed than the boards; as also to Mrs. Crouch, Miss Stephens and Mr. Sedgwick, for the great exertions of their vocal powers on the occasion.

The like acknowledgments are due to Mr. Shaw, the leader of the band, and to Mr. Walsh, the director of the chorusses, for their minute correctness and very kind attention to their musical departments in such an unprecedented shortness of time; as I have understood that musical first pieces are generally rehearsed a dozen, and often a score times before performance.

Several circumstances of publicity and notoriety will afford to the impartial Public the sure means of judging, whether or no the condemnation of the Piece (independently of its merits or demerits) were or were not a premeditated contrivance.\*

Not one shilling was expended upon any new scene, dress, or decoration. The play bills of Wednesday and Thursday, were underlined for the three following nights. No orders had been given on the eve of the performance for any one dress; besides the want of instructions and orders to the ballet master, no provision whatever was made for the marches and processions, for which the Author had given the most minute directions, and yet the music intended for

\* A person in the boxes observed, that the two first acts had gone over very smoothly, and that he presumed the whole would go off with equal success. The gentleman to whom this observation was made, replied, that the piece would notwithstanding be certainly damned in the Third Act; that he had it from the highest authority, for Mr. Kelly had assured him on that very morning, that the Third Act would never be permitted to go down.

them was permitted to be played†. Most important alterations in the dialogue were made without the privity of the Author, and the manager assured the Audience, that *he* had exerted his *best endeavours* for the success of the Piece.

† Dr. Arnold and I repeatedly pressed the Prompter to permit the marches and processions to be rehearsed, in order to know if the music suited; and we were always assured, that they were all arranged in proper order to suit with the music.

ARGUMENT.



## ARGUMENT.

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*Virginia was discovered and colonized by Sir Walter Raleigh in the reign of Elizabeth. Three different adventures were at different times sent out, but they scarcely sufficed to induce the Settlers to continue ; a fourth powerful reinforcement followed under the direction of Captain Smith, who was accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and several other gentlemen of rank. Notwithstanding the utmost exertions of Captain Smith and his friends, the Colony became so reduced by internal differences, desertions, famine, disease, and other disasters, that they were on the point of returning to Europe, when in the ninth year of King James I. Lord Delaware arrived in the Chesapeak as Governor General, with several transports from England, with 500 soldiers and large stores of provisions, and also with an imperial crown and several rich presents for Powhatan, who by the means and advice of Manteo, a converted Indian (who had been in England and introduced at Court) was disposed at length to befriend the English in that Settlement. The ill state of Lord Delaware's health soon obliged him to quit the Colony, which on the footing that he established, continued to encrease and flourish.*

Vide Heylin's Cosmography, and Stith's History of Virginia.

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Author.

MEN.

Lord Delaware	- - - -	MR. ———
President of the Council	- -	MR. AICKIN.
Captain Beauclerc	- - -	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
Sir Wm. Berkeley	- - -	MR. R. PALMER.
Don Alphonso	- - - -	MR. KELLY.
Bodkin	- - - - -	MR. SUETT.
A Stranger	- - - - -	MR. WEWITZER.
Manteo	- - - - -	MR. BARRYMORE.
Sea Officer	- - - - -	MR. SEDGWICK.
Pawhatan		
Mulahoo		

WOMEN.

Lady Delaware	- - - -	MRS. WALCOT.
Matilda	- - - - -	MRS. CROUCH.
Gertrude	- - - - -	MRS. JORDAN.
Jennet	- - - - -	MRS. BLAND.
Blanche	- - - - -	MISS LEAKE.
Mrs. Bodkin	- - - - -	MRS. SPARKES.
Benowee	- - - - -	MISS DECAMP.
Principal Female Dancer	- -	SIG. BOSSI DEL CARO.



The Characters as they were performed on Thursday 30th October, 1800.

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MEN.

Lord Delaware,	<i>Gov. General of Virginia,</i>	} MR. RAYMOND.
Capt. Smith, Pres. of the Council,	<i>Father to Mat. &amp; Gert.</i>	} MR. POWELL.
Capt. Beauclerc,	<i>A Sea Officer</i>	MR. BANNISTER, JUN
Sir Wm. Berkeley,	<i>A Knt. Ambas. to Pawhatan.</i>	} MR. PALMER.
Don Alphonso,	<i>Span. Nobleman.</i>	MR. KELLY.
Bodkin,	<i>Orig. a Taylor now Supervisor &amp; Storekeeper</i>	} MR. SUETT.
Stranger,		MR. WEWITZER.
Manteo,	<i>A converted Ind.</i>	MR. BARRYMORE.
Pawhatan	<i>An Ind. Emp.</i>	MR. SURMONT.
Mulahoo,	<i>Kins. &amp; Fav. to Paw.</i>	} MR. BYRNE.
Workmen, Sailors, Soldiers, Natives, &c.		

WOMEN.

Lady Delaware,	<i>Wife to Dela.</i>	MRS. SPARKES.
Matilda & Gertrude	<i>Daugh. to the President.</i>	} MRS. CROUCH. MISS BIGGS.
Jennet & Blanche,	<i>Nieces to the President.</i>	} MRS. MOUNTAIN. MISS STEVENS.
Mrs. Bodkin,	<i>Wife to Bod.</i>	MISS TIDSWELL.
Benowee,	<i>Ind. Girl, dau. to Manteo.</i>	} MISS B. MENAGE.
Principal Female Dancer.		
Workmen's Wives, Women Servants, Natives, &c.		

# VIRGINIA.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Inland Scene, a few temporary  
Hovels and a temporary Fort.*

*Enter BODKIN, SOLDIERS, SAILORS, and  
JOURNEYMEN.*

BODKIN.

WELL! Do what I will, there's no satisfy-  
ing you! Lord, Lord, do you thus  
requite the load of favors I have heaped upon you?

*Sailor.* We don't stagger under them, Master  
Bodkin.

*Bod.* You ungrateful herd! Have not I done  
every thing for you?

*Journeyman.* For yourself, you mean.

*Bod.* No, I mean *you, all*.—It's very marvel-  
lous that I found it also difficult this morning to  
persuade the young ladies at the President's, how  
highly *they* were indebted to me. Surely ingra-  
titude was not worth exporting to the new world.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Bod. (spitefully.)* Ha! ha! ha!

*Soldier.* Could we do good to ourselves or others,  
we would joyfully remain at our posts.

B

*Bod.*

## VIRGINIA,

*Bod.* Why, you do—don't you? You keep off the savages from eating us up. Mrs. Bodkin and I go to sleep with vast confidence, when we know half a dozen of you brave fellows stand centinel round the fort.—You know when there was but one centinel, the natives roasted him for breakfast one morning, and ever since that, Mrs. Bodkin will not go down to her breakfast, till I have peeped out of the window, and seen you all safe at your posts.

*Soldier.* I wish, Master Bodkin, you would exchange births with me to night, for I'm to be upon the advanced guard——

*Bod.* Stifle your impudence, Master Soldier—You fighting fellows think an halbert entitles you to speak your mind to any great man. A fine joke, truly! To expose me to freeze on a piquet, or to be scalped by the Indians, instead of protecting Mrs. Bodkin, who is the very life of the Settlement.

*Sailor.* Mrs. Bodkin, I ween, would bear the loss of her protector with becoming fortitude, and bewail her second state of widowhood as little as the rest of the Colony.

*Carpenter.* Would you serve us, and yourself too, Master Bodkin, go and assure the President we can no longer hold out, we are so cut down by fatigue, famine, illness, and the Indian tomahawks, that in another week, should you wish to relieve the ordinary guard, both the President and your own High Mightiness too, must turn out for it.

*Bod.* O Lord! I die at the thought. (*aside, then strutting and looking big*) Hem, fellows, I forbid further impudence; I and the President know what's best for you——

[*A Gun*



## AN OPERA.

3

[*A Gun fires. Exeunt all in haste, except Bodkin.*  
*Bod. solus.* Now if luck send us the succours we expect, Bodkin's a man again. But should they force me on guard at night, or to come within reach of the Indian's tomahawks, why there's an end of Bobby Bodkin.—I have not yet secured one hard doubloon by my new office. I have, indeed, been ordered to proclaim the President's intention of quitting this barbarous land—but I would not suffer the greasy villains to chuckle at the thoughts of Bodkin's returning cross-legged to his board. Of the three lusty journeymen I brought out with me, two have been scalped, and the other died of *fright*; so shall I, if here another week. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Opens with a Vessel and Transports at Cape Henry in Chesapeak Bay.—A Crowd on Shore, the same as in the first Scene, with some Natives, &c. &c.*

### CHORUS.

The guns proclaim some strangers near,  
 O may they British prove,  
 They'll find a hearty welcome here,  
 In honesty and love.

See, see, she comes from England's coast,  
 The British colours fly,  
 Blest Albion's children proudly boast,  
 Their King and loyalty.

Huzza, Huzza, Huzza.

*Re-enter Bodkin in a Bustle, and puts himself in front.*  
*Boats put out and bring on Shore, Lord Delaware, Sir Will, Berkley, Capt. Beauclerc, Don Alphonso, the Stranger, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.*  
*Bodkin eyes Beauclerc stedfastly, who perceives him not.*

B 2

*Bod.*

*Bod.* Yes it is! No, it is not! Yes it is——  
(*runs to him.*) *Capt. Beauclerc*, your most obsequious. Who'd have thought of seeing you here? But I guess the little Goddess that has again brought you across the Atlantic.

*Beauc.* Bobby Bodkin, I'm glad to see you, how does your board thrive?

*Bod.* (*putting his hand eagerly to Beauclerc's mouth*) Hush, hush, (*whispering in his ear*) I am no longer a taylor.

*Beauc.* What the Devil are you, then?

*Bod.* Why, since my marriage with the young lady's *gouvernante*, I'm the very soul of the settlement. I am the keeper of all that's valuable, the preserver of all that's precious, the distributor of all that's desirable.—I'm the corrector of all that's bad, I'm the rewarder of what little's good. I'm the eye, the ear, the mouth, the hand of the President. He sees, hears, speaks, and acts all thro' me, and I will immediately conduct you to him.

*Quick March, Soldiers March Two and Two.*

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

*Enter MANTEO.*

*Man.* Hail mother foil, that once more bearest Manteo's feet; once more a witness of his fell despair. No change of scene, no lapse of time could e'er assuage that fatal wound the treacherous flight of Benowee inflicted. Is then his heart to break ere to its agonizing throbs it once more press his much loved Benowee?

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter BODKIN.*

*Bod.* What ! Manteo piping after the little run-away, Benowee, I supposed you had forgotten her long ago.

*Man.* Could I, alas ! Can sense command oblivion ? Has aught transpired of her since my absence ?

*Bod.* I ne'er have heard her name since she eloped. I'll warrant you, she's long ago coupled to some of your footy countrymen.---She must be a bad girl to have such a depraved taste, to prefer your tawney Cannibals, to such fine fellows as we are (*strutting about in admiration of himself*).

*Man.* Thou hast no child, or would'st revere a father's feelings.

*Bod.* No, no, I've no child (nor feelings either, thank my stars (*aside*)). But I must now inform you, Menteo, that since you sailed to England with Capt. Beauclerc, I am become the great Man of the Colony. You must remember the Gouvernante, she used to have care of Benowee, you know.

*Man.* Heigh, ho !

*Bod.* You will allow, that it was very natural that the Gouvernante, who always past for a woman of discernment, should succumb to my charms---and she is now, *Mrs. Bodkin*. Egad, I was yesterday all despair---I feared there was an end to all my greatness,---I had received orders to prepare for Old England, and we were to have been off in three days.

*Man.* So, our arrival stopped you.

*Bod.* Even so. Do you know, that since my exaltation, I have been on an embassy to your old friend, Pawhatan, to prevent his coming down upon us before we could get off,---O, Manteo,  
you



you cannot conceive what a dread I have of your countrymen's tomahawks and scalping knives.

*Man.* How came you then to trust yourself among them?

*Bod.* Dire, dire, necessity! I never funk'd so, in all my life.---There was no body of sufficient consequence, but myself to go; and I have long learned, that fear in a white man whets an Indian's appetite as much as the keenest hunger does a Christian's. When I came before Pawhatan, I swooned dead away, and my suite carried me off, as fainting through fatigue and heat.

*Man.* I well remember---your nerves were never very firm, Mr. Bodkin.

*Bod.* O, Lord! only think of their flaying this comely, fightly head and visage. O dear! I should be like a hare uncased for the spit. But now, my prowess will be no longer called into action; for thank my stars, Sir William Berkeley is come over on purpose to present the gifts, and succeed me as Ambassador to the Mighty Pawhatan. Why, your countrymen's taste for white meat is so resistless, that if we had not taught you better manners, I would not stay talking with you till you became hungry. But, by the bye, after having killed Langora, how durst you venture back to your country? for as long as any of his tribe exist, notwithstanding you've changed your name of Chunamoo to Manteo---You're sure of falling the victim to your fiery impetuosity---I hate all such violence. I'm like my Royal Master \*, all for peace.

*Man.* The fall of Langora preserved a life most precious to me, to your nation, your Royal

\* James the Ist.

## AN OPERA.

7

Sovereign, and the world at large,—In Captain Beauclerc, is found all that can give dignity to man, value to the friend, and lustre to the British seaman.

*Bod.* Aye, aye, my friend Beauclerc's a fine fellow, sure enough, and therefore the fitter to fight his own battles. I hate interfering in quarrels,

*Man.* (*in contempt*) you, an Englishman?

*Bod.* To be sure, I am—and as I have now come to represent Royalty—why, I stand obligated to follow the more closely the pacific virtues of my Royal Master. I would not be in your skin, Manteo, for the whole Continent of America. If you go up the country, you won't live three days; your head will be split like a rabbit's, with one of your damned tomahawks, before you know you're within a league of an Indian.

*Man.* When gallant Raleigh first set foot on this our shore—he, and his brave followers, stamped on my mind a lively sentiment of British valour. The time I've passed in England, has not erased the strong impression from my heart; and thou, my Beauclerc, more than half my soul—thou dost retouch, refine, and strengthen every feature of the fightly portrait. Bodkin, thou art no Briton.

*Bod.* All mighty fine! but I'm for every one fighting his own battles. Bobby Bodkin, excepted.

*[Exeunt separately.]*

SCENE

SCENE III. *A Garden.*

MATILDA, *sola, sitting in an Arbour, reading.*

*Enter JENNET.*

*Jen.* What! ever in the sentimentals?

*Mat.* (*Comes forward.*) Far from it. I was reading something vastly comical.

*Jen.* Let me see this vastly comical story, that has made you laugh, (*looking into her eyes*) 'till you've cried again, (*snatching at the book.*)

*Enter BLANCHE.*

*Blanche.* Pray, gentle cousin, what's the joke?

*Mat.* (*Disconcerted.*) No joke at all.

*Blanche.* O, pardon me—to see you ruffled, can be nothing else.

*Enter BODKIN in haste, singing.*

## QUARTETTO.

BODKIN, JENNET, BLANCHE, MATILDA.

*Bodkin.* Great News!

*Jennet.* ——What? what? pray good Bobby tell us.

*Bodkin.* Let me take breath, or I cannot well speak.

*Jen. & } Good heavens, you wheeze like an old*  
*Blanche } crack'd bellows.*

*Matilda.* Once he begins, he will prose for a week.

*Bodkin.* A ship's just arrived, with a very rich cargo,  
Of husbands, for ev'ry sweet girl, far and  
near,  
So each of you maidens, must lay your embargo,  
Upon the dear swains, to detain them all  
here.

3 Ladies.



## AN OPERA.

9

3 *Ladies.* What nonsense you talk, what a silly odd notion,

What strange whims and fancies you foolishly shew.

*Bodkin.* I'll consent to be hang'd, when it comes to a motion,

If one of your tongues, will consent to say, no.

3 *Lad.* You forget the respect that's due to our station.

A Taylor, forsooth; now, its really too bad;

But we are the fools, if it give us vexation,

The man's not to blame, for he's stark staring mad.

*Jen.* Come, come, no more of your nonsense; tell us whom, and what you've seen.

*Bod.* What! my little gimcrack.

*Jen.* Gimcrack, indeed! How dare you, fellow, take such liberties?

*Bod.* Liberties, with such a little charmer would render Bobby Bodkin supremely happy (*turning to the rest*) Why, my cowslips, and violets, and primroses, I'm in haste to the President. You know, I do all for him. Adieu, cherubs and seraphs.

(*Kissing his hand, and blowing kisses.*)

[*Exit Bodkin.*]

## QUARTETTO.

BODKIN, MATILDA, JENNET, BLANCHE.

*Jen.* Who'd believe, that did not hear,

Bodkin pert as new made Peer,

Flirt, and puff, and domineer,

*Mat.* With impudence of face.

*Bla.* Who can patient see this Lord,

Cross legg'd, starting from his board,

Whom a noose of hempen cord,

*Mat.* Or nine tail'd cat should lace?

C

*Re-enter*

## VIRGINIA,

*Re-enter BODKIN.**3 Lad.* Lo, he's here, I do declare,*Bod.* Of his anger, then beware.*All.* What each day,  
You pertly say,  
The President shall know.*3 Lad.* He shall know your saucy airs,*Bod.* For that, Bodkin little cares.*All.* You shall rue,  
His anger too ;  
So straight to him we'll go.*[Exeunt Omnes.]**Enter Mrs. BODKIN and GERTRUDE.**Mrs. Bod.* The President told me this very day, he was now determined upon your marriage with the Hon. Mr. Percy, immediately before his return to England, which would have been in three days, if your old favorite, Lord Delaware, who is come out Governor-General, had not arrived so opportunely ; his Lordship will now honour your nuptials with his presence.*Gert.* Lord Delaware ! Heavens ! what mysterious fate has brought him hither ? How his presence will affect me ! But, to conceal my feelings, I will assume a frivolous gaiety (*aside*). Nursey, I'll never have Mr. Percy.*Mrs. Bod.* What does my babe say ?*Gert.* I'll never have him.*Mrs. Bod.* Why, Miss Gertrude, are you mad ?*Gert.* I soon should be so, were I Mr. Percy's wife—I never will have him. And as you love talking so dearly, Nursey, you may tell him so.*Mrs. Bod.* You're an ungrateful, capricious little pufs.*Gert.*

## AN OPERA.

11

*Gert.* I won't be called names,—No, I won't—I am not capricious, Nursey, I never pretended to like Mr. Percy.

*Mrs. Bod.* You have indeed behaved more like a bear to him, than a young lady.

*Gert.* Now Nursey you *do* tell fibs; had I behaved like a bear to him, I should have hugged him to death, and you know I like him best out of sight, and at a distance.

*Mrs. Bod.* He's mainly rich Miss, and a fine accomplished gentleman of the oldest family in England.

*Gert.* I respect his family, despise his riches, but doubt his accomplishments, from his bad taste in choosing me.

*Mrs. Bod.* You never learnt that from me, Miss; There's no living without money here any more than in Old England.

*Gert.* Don't croak, Nursey.

*Mrs. Bod.* It would be my first consideration.

*Gert.* Was it so when you took Mr. Bodkin to your second mate?

*Mrs. Bod.* Why to be sure Miss, I married him out of pure compassion. The poor man was so fond of me, he'd have died had I been cruel.

*Gert.* Poor Nurse, so you had not sagacity enough to discover that his was all cupboard love?

*Mrs. Bod.* (*Drawing up.*) You're very saucy, Miss Gertrude.

*Gert.* Tho' you've lived a long time, Nursey, you're a very foolish old woman.

*Mrs. Bod.* I've lived too long indeed to have a little chit in her teens, the thing I fostered at my breast, turn upon me in this sort. [*Cries and sobs.*]

*Gert.* Nay now, Nursey, I was but joking; why sure you could not think me in earnest? kiss



me, don't be angry with your poor little Gertrude.

*Mrs. Bod.* Angry with my child, my pretty Gertrude, Heaven blefs her! [*They embrace.*]

*Gert.* Now dear Nurse, I hope all's forgiven and forgotten. [*Exit Mrs. Bod.*] Lord Delaware here! Is it possible? How this revives every former feeling, that till now I vainly thought was ended like a dream.

SONG.—GERTRUDE.

What's this fearful agitation?  
Why this trembling thro' my frame?  
Whence at heart this palpitation?  
Did it always beat the same?

Ne'er before this flutt'ring motion  
Felt I trouble in my breast;  
Now it's like the ruffled ocean,  
What has robb'd me of my rest?

What can mean this strange confusion  
Of alarm, of joy, of pain?  
'Tis a dream, 'tis all delusion,  
Speak my heart?—I ask in vain.

What but love could thus assail me,  
From my heart 'tis love I learn;  
Ev'ry hope, nay life then fail me,  
Should I love without return.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *President's Library.*

*Enter* PRESIDENT, BEAUCLERC, ALPHONSO, and STRANGER.

*Beauc. to the President.* My voyage has been truly propitious, from its having afforded me the opportunity of introducing to you Don Alphonso. His character is as interesting as his story is affecting. In his voyage to visit his possessions in America

rica the Captain sent out his boats to water on what we seamen call the Isle of Devils\*.

*Alph.* And I from curiosity was of the party. Whilst the men were busied in filling their water casks, I strolled through a winding grotto in the rocks to a cove of enchanting scenery. Musing here, a sudden shriek of horror drove me precipitately back thro' the grottoed passage I had come, when from the opening I beheld a group of barbarians hoisting with savage triumph the reeking limbs of my murdered countrymen. On the wings of fear I flew back to the cove, whence I espied with melancholy despair the ship fast sailing from the land.

*Beauc.* And here you spent two wretched days and nights.

*Alph.* O, Sir, every sound, every motion of a bird or leaf, was a death warrant to my soul.

*Pres.* What a situation!

*Alph.* Judge then of my feelings when the dawn of the third day opened to my view a vessel making the shore. I hastily gained the extremity of a rock, and hailed her with my handkerchief. They instantly hove out their jolly boat, I had scarcely reached the beach ere the boat was up, and at that moment sprang from within the rock this Stranger, till then unperceived. And to this kind generous friend we owe our lives. [*Embracing Beauc.*

*Beauc.* And to you I owe one of the happiest moments of my life; for it's ever more gratifying to a British sailor to save than to conquer.

*Pres.* And the name of this Stranger.

*Beauc.* None has heard it.

*Str.* Myne naem is neet significant.

\* The Bermudas were then so called.

*Pres.*

*Pref.* But your adventures may be interesting.

*Str.* To noe man here.

*Beauc.* Now we have founded him, he appears to be Dutch bottomed.

*Pref.* You're not very courteous, friend.

*Str.* Capt. Beauclerc, Ick have grooten obligatie to you, & fall repay met gratitude & danken.

[*Exit Str.*

*Pref.* How came you so fortunately to their preservation?

*Beauc.* On the preceding day we learnt from a Spanish vessel, that five only out of twenty that had landed on the Island had escaped being murdered, and they feared a young Spanish nobleman, who had wandered from the crew, had also fallen. I immediately proposed altering my course for a chance of saving his life or avenging their deaths.

*Pref.* I cannot conceive how the Spanish ship could have left the shore, without attempting it.

*Beauc.* They might have had some reasons which were not worth our while examining. A Sailor's business is not to mind what others have neglected, but what he himself ought to do. I know but one true principle to steer by; when you see what's right, follow it up directly; if you tack, lie to, consult, examine, doubt, hesitate, why the odds are against you, you never accomplish it. Had we deferred our resolution by one hour, we might not have made the Island in ten days, for the wind actually shifted the moment we returned on board.

*Alph.* True benevolence no sooner has conceived than it executes its project.

SONG.



## AN OPERA.

15

### SONG.—ALPHONSO.

Nor wealth, nor birth, nor skill, nor pow'r,  
Can to man's fate one grain impart,  
Protecting Heav'n alone can show'r  
The balm of hope on mortal's heart.

### CHORUS.

In need and perils, as in wealth and peace,  
Our trust in Providence must never cease.

### SONG.—ALPHONSO.

The shipwreck'd mariner on land,  
Still trembling at his dangers o'er,  
Kisses with gratitude the hand  
That safely brought him to the shore.

### CHORUS.

Hence, then be Briton's envied fate to spare,  
And with th' afflicted brave their fortunes share.

### SCENE V. *A Wood terminated by the Sea. Enter*

BODKIN *with a Basket, looking on all sides with wary and suspicious Caution, puts down the Basket, sits upon it, puffs, takes out his Handkerchief, wipes his Face, fans himself with it.*

I've heated myself. (*pants*) A glass of wine will refresh me. The President's is damned good wine, and I'm a damned good judge of good wine. — (*Enter a groupe of natives from a canoe, perceiving BODKIN, they stand behind trees eyeing him BODKIN opens the basket, takes out a bottle and a cork-skrew, a cup from his pocket, pours out wine, and drinks.*) Better juice never came from Gascony; (*fills again*) I must not forget my first toast, so  
here's

Here's to my own dear self, (*drinks, smacks his lips, with relish, drinks again*) Now, after myself, I won't forget my partner, so here goes to Wife's speedy and quiet repose; (*confused distant shrieks are heard*) O Lord, sure something spoke.—*listens* Pish—'twas only fancy. It's very odd, I'm sometimes vastly nervous—I'll mend my draught (*drinks*) Good living has a marvellous effect upon the constitution. (*takes out cold turkey, a roll, some salt, plate, knife and fork, carves and eats greedily, talks with his mouthfull*) These American turkeys are most delicious, if we could but go up the country to get them. How I do enjoy a snug bit by myself, out of the sound of Wife's clapper, and the reach of an Indian's tomahawk. (*savages shout and approach*) O Lord, O Lord, the Devil, the Devil! (*falls on his face, kicking and shewing other symptoms of fear. The savages turn him about, some express by their gestures, an intention of taking him away, others seem to object. One runs back to the canoe, and brings some string; they bind him hand and foot, and throw him into a large hollow tree, BODKIN screaming and begging mercy. They examine the basket, taste the open bottle, which they appear much to relish, scramble for the turkey, &c. &c. Take the basket and row away. Bodkin peeping out of the tree*) The cannibals have bound me hand and foot. They're only gone for their carving knives, and I do believe they intend roasting me for veal. O dear, O dear, what an end to Bobby Bodkin!

## SONG.—BODKIN.

O dear, O dear,  
 Look at me here,  
 Bound like an Essex calf,  
 Nor foot, nor hand,  
 Can I command,  
 My body's bent in half.

Ah

Ah me, ah me,  
 I soon shall be,  
 With spit quite through me thrust,  
 'Twill all be o'er  
 When I'm no more,  
 So die poor Bodkin must.

*Bod.* O—h—O—h! 'Tis all over with me, here they are again, (*screams out*) help, help, murder, murder, O mercy, mercy!

(*Re-enter savages, with instruments of various kinds, and materials for firing. They pull BODKIN out of the tree, and prepare for cutting him up.—They stroke him about the neck, as if preparing to scalp him, he resisting, screaming, hallooing, sighing, praying, &c. &c.*)

*Enter BEAUCLERC and MANTEO running as if alarmed by the cries, they fire off two pistols. The savages dismayed, run off precipitately, leaving BODKIN kicking and floundering, who with a deep groan, lies motionless.*

*Beauc.* How now, what's here? A long boat keell upwards, going to be graved.—(*They cut the strings and set BODKIN on his legs.*) What is it you, Master Bodkin, ready trussed for spitting? Egad I believe they meant to dress him at this fire. (*pointing to the faggots and billets ready laid.*)

*Bod.* O dear, O dear, my best of friends, two minutes later, and Bodkin was no more. The brutes have scared me more than Pawhatan—(*strutting about and shaking himself.*) I fear I shall never recover my wits again.

*Beauc.* That loss would be but trifling.

*Bod.* How trifling, Mr. Impudence, I'm a free-man again now, and damme but I'll make you know who I am.

D

*Beauc.*



*Beauc.* If you don't hold your impudent jaw, now we've learned the country fashion, we'll truss you over again, and cooks will not be long wanting to spit, roast, and baste you well.

*Bod.* (with a sneering smile) I would not advise you, nor your footy friend there, neither, to attempt any thing of the sort. [*sidling off by degrees, as if afraid*] No, I wou'dn't indeed. [*looking round*] O dear, O gemini, what comes here?  
[*Exit precipitately.*]

*Enter a female native, running and screaming lamentably, pursued by a male native, who with an uplifted instrument, threatens to kill her. MANTEO seizes the arm of the male, they wrestle together, MANTEO throws him on the ground, and spares his life. The savage appears outrageous; by their manner and gestures MANTEO appears to reason with him, he becomes pacified. MANTEO receives his assurances. They are reconciled, and the savage returns up the wood. During these transactions, the female falls prostrate at BEAUCLERC's feet.*

SONG.—BENOWEE.

Save me, save me, white man save me,  
Tawney maid do humbly crave ye,  
'Till she die, she gratefull be,  
Save the life of Benowee,

*Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.*

Hear me, hear me, good man hear me,  
Never, never, need you fear me,  
While I live, I faithful be,  
Pity then poor Benowee,

*Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.*

*Beauc.* (*raises her up*) Save you my poor girl, that I will, why did he pursue you?

*Ben.*

*Ben.* To kill me dead.

*Beauc.* Why would he kill you?

*Ben.* Cause he tink he must.

*Beauc.* Why so?

*Ben.* Cause me child to Chunamoo, and Chunamoo did kill Langora.

*Beauc.* Who was Langora?

*Ben.* Fader to dat man. (*pointing to the Savage.*)

*Beauc.* And he would kill you, because Chunamoo killed his father.

*Ben.* And he do right; but me fear.

*Beauc.* (*Movingly*) Poor deluded creature!—But why does he right?

*Ben.* Cause de ghost of Langora no lie quiet till me be kilt, cause me child of Chunamoo, dat did make dead Langora.

*Beauc.* Heavenly Powers!—But if it be right he should kill you, why would you prevent him?

*Ben.* Ah! me no help dat—my heart almost go away, den come back again; beat, beat, push, push; me like live—me no like die: poor Benowee, no want go to strange country.

*Beauc.* How her innocence and simplicity affect me.

(*Manteo runs and clasps Benowee in his arms.*)

*Man.* O, my child! my Benowee! Once more I press thee to my heart. O! Universal Master, deign to take thy creature's thanks (*embracing again Benowee*). Beauclerc, to save thy life I kill'd that native's father; to revenge that deed he would destroy my life's best hope; but I have assuaged his ire, and he has renounced his sworn revenge,

*Beauc.* Can you reliance place on his bare word?

*Man.* When in a tribe a solemn word is

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pledged,

pledged, its breach has ne'er been known; she wants no further shield.

*Ben. (Kneels.)* O, dreadful, loved Fader! pardon, pardon, poor Benowee.

*Man.* The blood of Chunamoo runs thro' thy veins. Whilst he has life, thou must command his love. Second the kind benevolence of Heaven, and change thy father's wretchedness to bliss.

*(Benowee throws herself at Manteo's feet, and clings round them. He raises her up, and embraces her. They talk apart.)*

*Beauc.* From thee, my noble fellow philosophers may learn, how elevated are the principles of uncorrupted man. With what an even poise doth Providence deal out its blessings? In this same wood the virtuous Manteo saved a brother Christian's life, and here his long lost child he now regains.

*Enter a Sea Officer, Sailors, Soldiers, and others.*

#### FULL CHORUS.

Grateful Manteo is thy name,  
Fav'rite of Heav'n, and mankind,  
Britons shall revere thy fame,  
Whilst on earth they virtue find.

#### SONG.—SEA OFFICER.

When from happier climes above,  
Thou shalt view us here below,  
Not unworthy of thy love,  
Blessings on us e'er shall flow.

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

Grateful Manteo is thy name,  
Fav'rite of Heav'n, and mankind,  
Britons shall revere thy fame,  
Whilst on earth they virtue find.

SONG.—BENOWEE.

Dreadful Fader! but much dear,  
Soothe with laugh, poor daughter's pain,  
In you bosom take her tear;  
Bless, O, bless her once again.

*Chorus as above, repeated.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in the President's House.*

JENNET and BLANCHE, *sitting at a table, working ribbands, and other millinery appendages on it.*

DUET.—JENNET and BLANCHE.

Love's a tender timid passion,  
Trying ev'ry art to please;  
Never is it out of fashion,  
Blinds our eyes, and spoils our ease.

Love's a tyrant's boy that's cruel,  
Laughs, exulting in our pain,  
Fans the flame, supplies new fuel,  
Cheats with hope, that oft proves vain!

Love's capricious, foolish, trifling,  
Plagues alike, both youth and age,  
Pleasure off'ring, Prudence stifling,  
Sporting with the fool and sage.

*Jen.* Thus far we agree. And I know no heart more susceptible of love than Blanche's.

*Blan.* If you really knew it, you would find it cold, and senseless as the Rocks of Paros.

SONG.—JENNET.

Excuse me, my dear, but I think you conceited,  
And fancy you're wiser, perhaps, than you are.  
Take care, pretty Blanche, in the end you're not cheated,  
And fall into love, that most terrible snare.  
Fol de rol, de rol de ra, diddle, diddle.  
Fol de rol, de rol de ra.

I've

# AN OPERA.

23

I've known a young maiden in love so romantic,  
 She'd sigh for an object she never had seen,  
 But you, my dear Blanche, play a part quite pedantic,  
 Outré to excess, you'd extinguish all mean.  
 Fol de rol de rol, de ra, diddle, diddle.  
 Fol de rol de rol, de ra.

The fly little damsel, who boasts of her cunning,  
 Will sooner, or later be caught for all that,  
 You tell us you're cold, why I know you're but funning,  
 Your heart is not marble, it goes pit-a-pat.  
 Fol de rol de rol, de ra, diddle, diddle,  
 Fol de rol de rol, de ra.

*Enter Sir WILLIAM.*

*Sir Wil.* Charming Divinities, have you seen  
 Capt. Beauclerc?

*Blan.* Not very lately, Sir William; but if I  
 find him, I'll send him to you.

*[Exit Blanche.]*

*Sir Will.* Au desespoir to lose you, by my  
 powers and sublimity.

*Jen.* (*Sitting down to work.*) Sit down Sir Wil-  
 liam, he'll be here presently, I dare say. (*Sir Wil-  
 liam sits down at the table.*) Here he comes.

*Enter Beauclerc (at the opposite door, startles at  
 seeing Sir William, tries to dissemble his feelings, and  
 says, with a forced laugh)—*Why, this table looks,  
 for all the world like a haberdashers's counter.

*Jen.* And this sleek beau, the arbiter of the  
 court fashions.

*Sir Will.* You do me infinite honour.

*Beauc.* A new apprentice, I trow, fraught with all  
 the last samples, grimaces, and fooleries of our  
 court minions—O, the devil. (*aside*)

*Jen.* (*Holding up a head dress.*) Look here, Mr.  
 Beauclerc;



Beauclerc ; what think you of this hood and ruff ?

*Beauc. (Apparently confused.)* Madam, you've a better judge at hand. I feel very uneasy (*aside.*) Heigh ho !

*Jen.* What's the matter Mr. Beauclerc ?—you're out of spirits.

*Beauc.* Lord, no, I'm not ; I—I—I'm remarkably gay. (*forcing a laugh.*)

*Jen.* Surely less so than usual.

*Beauc.* Well, good morning, I must go.

*Sir Will* I wished to speak to you.

*Jen. (Whispering to Beauclerc.)* Don't go yet ; I've something to say to you.

*Beauc. (To Sir William)* I'll join you presently.

*Sir Will.* No wonder fairest that memory should fail me in your presence. But hither I came on purpose to announce the day, on which Great Pawhatan has fixed t'accept the presents from our Royal Master, and change eternal vows of amity with me, his most unworthy substitute. To do more honour to the festive day, the Roi-telet has solemnly proclaimed our presentation shall be followed by the nuptials of Manteo's daughter with his prime favourite Mulahoo ; and that with all the pomp and grandeur of his court. Farewell, most brave—Adieu, most beauteous.

*Beauc. (Putting his hand to his head meditates seriously.)*

*Jen* What's the matter with you, Beauclerc ?

*Beauc.* I'm not well.

*Jen.* I'm very sorry for it ; where is your pain ?

*Beauc.* Inward and deep.

*Jen.* A cold, sure ! Every one takes cold on first coming.

*Beauc.*

# AN OPERA.

25

*Beauc.* No, no, quite the contrary. My disorder proceeds from too much warmth.

*Jen.* (*With anxious confusion.*) Do, Beauclerc explain yourself.

*Beauc.* (*very gravely*) You know Jennet, this is the second time I have found you tete a-tete with Sir William.—I ever nauseated this race of half beings: (*aside*)

*Jen.* Well now you surprise me ! Before you frightened me. I thought my Beauclerc's heart and mind as free from unjust suspicion as mine are from duplicity and infidelity.

## DUET.—BEAUCLERC and JENNET.

*Jen.* Cease jealous fears, no longer let them tease ye,  
Constant I'll be to you my only love,  
Hence every doubt, let smiling kindness ease you,  
And give assurance that I'll constant prove.

*Beauc.* Jennet no more.—My anxious fears mistaking,  
Wound not your Beauclerc with your angry eyes,  
When false I thought you, fore my heart was aching,  
Now true I find you, rash suspicion dies.

*Both.* In sweet content and happiness ne'er ceasing,  
Free from th'alarms that haunt the busy scene,  
Each gliding hour our blisful joys encreasing,  
Our days in peace, our nights in rest serene.  
[*Exeunt together.*]

## SCENE II.—Delaware's Apartment.

*Enter DELAWARE and BEAUCLERC arm in arm.*

*Beauc.* Has your Lordship further to command ?

*Dela.* Nothing at present, but many things may occur to me before you return to England,

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in which I may want your assistance, indeed your advice, for my mind has of late been ill at ease.

*Beauc.* I hoped that in leaving your lady in England, you came to America without incumbrance or plague.

*Dela.* While she exists, I must be miserable.

*Beauc.* The Atlantic's wide enough to keep you both asunder.

*Dela.* No separation short of death, can end my misery.

*Beauc.* Now she has none left to vent her spleen upon, it will choak her, and I do believe she'll die of the venom of her own gall.

*Dela.* Her temper is truly unfortunate, but she had the honesty not to attempt to conceal it, and I must own I rushed upon the precipice with my eyes open to all its horrors. Her years and imperfections were an eternal bar to love. But I married her to relieve a beloved parent from distress, and save our wasted patrimony. I have however, had this solace, that the last scene of a checkered life of sorrow was by her means softened to a beloved father.

*Beauc.* My Lord, I am as little capable as any man of ill treating a woman, but had I been tacked to such a help mate as—I'll say no more—but I verily believe her first husband would ne'er have met his fate at sea, could he have lived in peace at home.

*Dela.* Well, well, patience.

*Beauc.* Amen say I.

*Dela.* There's nought to reproach me with on her account, but let not a word of my marriage escape you, for as it may be unknown here, I wish it to remain a secret.

*Beauc.* Trust me my Lord.

*Enter*



*Enter GERTRUDE.*

*Dela.* This was kind indeed, Gertrude, to cheer an invalid.

*Gert.* My father sent me to enquire after your Lordship's health. I hope it is better, first for your own sake, and next for mine. If you don't improve under my care, I shall lose all credit for my skill in physic.

*Beauc.* His Lordship is very low Miss Gertrude, and it will require the exertions of your great skill and powers to revive him.

*Gert.* If you praise me too much, I shall grow vain and disgusting to my most partial friends.

*Dela.* It would give you more trouble Gertrude, than you're aware of, to work that effect on me.

*Gert.* Nay, now Gentlemen, you're laughing at me, and that's not fair, two against one.

*Beauc.* Indeed Miss Gertrude you wrong us, I must however be off at present. I leave you in good hands, so adieu. [*Exit Beauclerc.*]

*Dela.* That's a worthy fellow, Gertrude.

*Gert.* I really believe it, and fancy my cousin Jennet thinks so too.

*Dela.* If the little Cambrian have found it out, he's fortunate.

*Gert.* Indeed then she has, and it has made her so stupid she's no longer herself.—She mopes and sighs in such a manner, I can't refrain from laughing at her, and yet sometimes I feel ready to cry too.

*Dela.* That must be an extraordinary sensation to you, Gertrude, for I believe you never cried in your life.

*Gert.* Indeed but I have, and do very often.

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*Dela.*

*Dela.* Why so, Gertrude?

*Gert.* For a very sad reason, tho' you may not think so.

*Dela.* Why give me credit for so little sympathy, but tell me Gertrude, what could bathe those playful eyes in tears?

*Gert.* Let me make my conditions, and then I'll tell you all.—No, no, not all,—but a great deal of it, I will.

*Dela.* Name your conditions Gertrude,—you can propose nothing that I shall not accede to.

*Gert.* Agreed then. And now I'm downright serious, first you will not think I complain without cause.

*Dela.* Agreed.

*Gert.* Secondly you shall not attempt to laugh.

*Dela.* Certainly not.

*Gert.* Nor reason me out of my resolution.

*Dela.* What resolution Gertrude?

*Gert.* Why my father's orders are so very cruel, that I've resolved to die rather than obey them.

*Dela.* You astonish me! What can he require to which the docile Gertrude cannot submit?

*Gert.* He would have me fix my affections where I never can. He commands me to marry a man——

*Dela.* Whom you cannot love! Is it so?

*Gert.* Indeed, Sir, it is.

*Dela.* Can there be a second father who would doom his child to wretchedness?

*Gert.* Alas! but he would, and presses such arguments upon me, that had I not a weightier reason than mere want of love for the man of his choice, his anger would have long ago subdued me; but as it is, no earthly power shall ever compel me.

*Dela.*

*Dela.* If I trespass not too far, Gertrude, on your confidence, what weightier reason do you hint at?

*Gert.* I've gone too far. (*aside*) Sir, I fear to forfeit your esteem, when I tell you, the man I cannot love, is noble, rich, and generous, handsome in his person, a valiant soldier, a finished gentleman. Mr. Percy seems formed to render any woman happy but the ill fated Gertrude.

*Dela.* He, however, is happy in your good opinion. Such eulogies, Gertrude, of rejected merit are quite mysterious.

*Gert.* (*confused and distressed*) Could my tongue but utter, it would soon unveil the mystery! (*aside*) O Lord Delaware, (*much embarrassed*) my affections are no longer at my own disposal.

*Dela.* Then for the world, let not a father's menace or entreaties drive you from your resolve; such obedience is criminal. I speak, Gertrude, from fatal feeling

*Gert.* You seem, Sir, touched with my wretchedness, and to feel mine anguish—'tis great indeed, and I hope I have a claim on your compassion; I have no one to screen me from an angry father's fury. To you Lord Delaware, my persecuted innocence flies for protection—(*The President is heard saying*) Is Lord Delaware in his apartment?

*Gert.* Good heavens! My father——

*Enter* PRESIDENT.

*Pres.* I was informed your Lordship was indisposed, I hope not seriously.

*Dela.* A slight cold only.

*Pres.* I rejoice it's nothing more, I began to doubt your physician's skill. Since you knew my daughters



daughters in England, they have each taken up a profession; Matilda is my doctor of divinity, an excellent moralist. Many a bib and gown would have wished to have said the good things she daily utters, and still more should wish to have practised them as closely as she does. And this (*to Gertrude*) is my doctor in physic, she is peculiarly successful in curing the spleen, vapours, and keeping away the blue devils.

*Dela.* She would find me an obstinate patient, I am often given to melancholy, and fear I have brought the root of the disease with me.

*Pres* The air will revive you, what says the doctor?

SONG.—GERTRUDE.

In this dilemma, what can I say Sir,  
But that his Lordship appears very low,  
In kind indulgence, excuse me, pray Sir,  
What to prescribe now, I really don't know.

If then to offer council, I dare Sir,  
Thus my advice will I give for the best,  
Throw off all care, Sir, never despair, Sir,  
Man's only tried, when he's put to the test.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden.*

*Enter* MATILDA *followed by* Sir WILLIAM.

*Sir Will.* Fairest enchantress, I've obtained your father's permission for throwing myself under the soles of your feet.

*Mat.* 'Twas pity, Sir, you had the trouble of applying for my father's, before you were certain of mine.

*Sir Will.* By my powers and sublimity, that idea

AN OPERA.

31

idea ne'er occurred to me. But surely, charmer, thou'rt too gentle to be cruel.

*Mat.* I'm too sincere to deceive you, Sir, and therefore must decline the honour you intended me—(*Matilda bows.*)

*Sir Will.* You astonish me, fairest, you literally astonish me; but I cannot believe you serious, by my powers and sublimity I cannot.

*Mat.* Indeed I am.

*Sir Will.* In becoming Lady Berkeley, your rank and fortune would be conspicuous.

*Mat.* I am indifferent to both, Sir.

SONG.—MATILDA.

How sweetly glide the minutes o'er,  
When tranquil peace reigns in the breast,  
There sweet content lays up a store,  
Of treasure that no wealth possesseth.

The simple clown, in cot obscure,  
Who never felt ambition's sway,  
Labours subsistence to procure,  
He rests at night, and sings by day.

The monarch seated on his throne,  
Views bliss and comfort from afar,  
The brow that wears the diamond crown,  
Bends under sorrow, grief and care.

Rest still my heart from passion free,  
I ask not grandeur, wealth nor pow'r,  
Such tinsel bears no charms for me,  
Vain pageant of the fleeting hour.

[*Exit Matilda.*]

*Enter* BLANCHE.

*Blan.* I beg pardon, Sir William, I thought Matilda had been here.

*Sir Will.* The cruel beauty has this instant vanished,

nished, and left me a prey to disappointment and surprise.

*Blan.* So, so, she has refused him. (*aside*) I do not comprehend you, Sir William.

*Sir Will.* By my powers and sublimity, I do not comprehend it myself.

*Blan.* May I ask the circumstance?

*Sir Will.* You'll not credit it.

*Blan.* Till I have heard it, I cannot.

*Sir Will.* Matilda has declined the hand and fortune of Sir William Berkeley. But a thousand fair whom I left in England, captives to my charms, will hold a solemn jubilee, when I return to throw the handkerchief among them.

*Blan.* I doubt it not indeed, Sir William. Execrable puppy. (*aside*)

#### SONG.—BLANCHE.

A lively young maiden of blooming eighteen,  
Engag'd with young Colin to dance on the green,  
He took her soft hand, and he tripp'd it in tune,  
Dreamt no more of love, than the man in the moon.

The merry dance ended, dispersed the gay crowd,  
The damsel she curtsy'd, young Colin he bow'd.  
A strange odd emotion he felt but too soon,  
That made him as mad as the man in the moon.

At length he broke silence, but sigh'd when he spoke,  
His air was embarrass'd, she thought it a joke;  
He told her his passion, she said before noon,  
Forgotten 'twould be, like the man in the moon.

Then spoke out the swain, 'tis in you I delight,  
Dear girl will you have me, she answer'd downright,  
In giving a hand without heart there's no boon,  
Where love's as far off as the man in the moon.

[*Exeunt* Sir Will. and Blanche, *separately*.]

SCENE



SCENE IV.—*The President's Library.*

*Enter* PRESIDENT *and* GERTRUDE *hand in hand.*

*Gert.* Now dear papa, you would not force my sister to marry a perfume bag, a peacock—

*Pres.* A peacock, child?

*Gert.* A peacock, for he'd be a poor bird when stripped of his feathers.

*Pres.* Sir William Berkeley is the descendant of a great family, and has a splendid fortune.

*Gert.* May be so papa, but I'm sure Matilda would not wish to be comforted by any of Sir William's ancestors out of their tombs. And I'll answer for her not placing happiness in mere fortune. Besides there's another reason.—

*Pres.* No good one I'm sure.

*Gert.* Is it not rational papa, to refuse a man she despises, when there's one in the world that commands her esteem and affection—

*Pres. (hastily).* Tush—I'll not hear of her affections being engaged without my approbation.

*Gert.* Alas my dearest father, we can neither foresee nor prevent the ills of life. Poor Matilda has met with a very bad accident.

*Pres. (alarmed).* A very bad accident, what is it? Speak.

*Gert.* Don't be angry, pray don't. *(kneels down)* She could not help it, indeed she could not.

*Pres.* What is it? Explain this mystery.

*Gert.* No mystery at all papa, but poor girl she was—she—

*Pres.* Speak out and ease me of my pain.

*Gert.* Poor Matilda has been robbed.

*Pres. (angrily).* Robbed of what?

F

*Gert.*

*Gert.* You'll be angry if I tell you.

*Pres.* Tell me this instant.

*Gert.* She has been robbed of her heart.

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

*Gert.* Hush, dear papa, here comes the thief.

*Pres.* Pish—

[*President and Gertrude retire out of sight.*]

SONG.—ALPHONSO.

To bid adieu to her I love,  
Is sure a trial most severe,  
But ah what anxious doubts I prove,  
To know a rival's always near.

Who tries each soft persuasive art,  
To gain upon her tender mind,  
To soothe her pain, then claims his part,  
Of all the joys I left behind.

Distracting thought, my brain's on fire,  
Tormenting anguish tears my breast,  
I burn with rage and fierce desire,  
To know the worst or to be blest.

[*Exit Alphonso.*]

*PRESIDENT and GERTRUDE advance.*

*Pres.* This is a very serious affair.

*Gert.* But you, papa, can make it a very pleasant one. Don Alphonso's family and fortune are as great as Sir William Berkeley's, and surely you cannot make a comparison between the men.

*Pres.* I have answered for her to Sir William.

*Gert.* 'Tis not by force but sympathy that hearts unite.

*Pres.* An English woman's soul recoils at a Spaniard's jealousy.

*Gert.*

*Gert.* The Spaniard like the Englishman is generous, brave and noble; not less partial to our sex, than he is equally tenacious of his honour.

*Pres.* Well, well, if Matilda's happiness depend upon it, why——

*Gert.* (*merrily*) Thank you, thank you, sweet papa. (*kisses him*) You give your consent, and I'll fly the welcome herald of the joyful tidings.

[*running off.*]

*Pres.* Not so fast, not so fast. Return if you please, I have something more to say.

*Gert.* (*returning reluctantly*) Yes, sweet papa, but make haste, I'm all impatience to see Matilda.

*Pres.* This makes you happy.

*Gert.* It delights me dear, dear papa; thank you a thousand and a thousand times. (*kisses him.*) Now I may go.

*Pres.* Cannot part with you yet.

*Gert.* O dear! (*aside.*)

*Pres.* As you own I've made you happy, now make me so, and fix the day for rewarding Mr. Percy's preference and constancy.

*Gert.* There's my death warrant. (*aside*)

*Pres.* You hesitate, Gertrude.

*Gert.* (*firmly*) That I never can.

*Pres.* I am glad to hear it. So let us say Monday.

*Gert.* No papa, not Monday.

*Pres.* Well then, Tuesday.

*Gert.* Not Tuesday.

*Pres.* Why not Tuesday?

*Gert.* I don't like Tuesday.

*Pres.* Well then, Wednesday.

*Gert.* It cannot be on Wednesday.

*Pres.* You trifle with your father as you have with your lover. I suppose you'll tell me



you've been robbed too. I'll no longer suffer this impertinence. [*President going, Gertrude throws herself at his feet.*]

*Gert.* Ah, Sir, leave me not in anger.

*Pref.* Resolve then ere it be too late.

*Gert.* Would it were in my power to obey you.

*Pref.* The will is wanting, perverse ingrate. It is because Mr. Percy is an eligible match, and I desire it, that you persist obstinately in refusing him.

*Gert.* You would not doom your child to endless wretchedness.

*Pref.* (*much heated*) Say not that word again, 'twill drive me frantic. [*breaking from her.*]

*Gert.* Ah Sir,

*Pref.* I'll hear no more but be obey'd. Since tenderness and kindness have been lost upon you, I'll see what rigour can effect. I've drank deeply of affliction's cup, and now you force the nauseous dregs upon me. Oh Matilda! are these the blessings left me in thy children? [*Exeunt separately.*]

#### SCENE V. *A chamber in the President's house.*

*The Stranger sitting at a table on which is a bowl of liquor, smoking his pipe.*

*Enter BODKIN.*

*Bod.* Well, Mynheer Grump, do you begin to feel yourself at home? (*Stranger takes no notice, but continues smoking*) What tongue-tied! He sits as solemn as the grim Pagod Oké at Pawhatan's. I would fain get at his story; why holla Mynheer, you little know how I can befriend you with the President, if you would be properly grateful (*imitating*

*(imitating the action of receiving money in the palm of his hand)* Hey ! or if you've no chink, do you see why I'll make you serviceable to myself by employing you at home *(Stranger walks off)* The old brute !

*A maid servant crosses the stage, Bodkin catches hold of her.*

*Maid.* What would you be after ?

*Bod.* A pretty girl. *(They struggle together)*

*Enter Mrs. BODKIN unperceived.*

*Maid.* Don't you be after molesting me ; go and molest your wife man.

*Bod.* Damn my wife.

*Mrs. Bod.* Mr. Bodkin ! *(He staggers with surprise, Maid runs off, he recovers himself.)*

*Bod.* O my dear, you're here ?

*Mrs. Bod.* I believe rather unexpectedly, and have been an eye-witness of your infamous and abominable conduct. O Mr. Bodkin ! Mr. Bodkin ! *(She sobs convulsively, he runs and supports her.)*

*Bod.* Now deary, don't put yourself into a quandary, and I'll tell you what I was saying,

*Mrs. Bod.* Shock not mine ears again. To damn your wife, and so desirable a wife, oh ! oh ! oh !

*Bod.* My honeycomb, I was but repeating that Irish huffley's words, at my telling her you complained of her idleness and gadding.

*Mrs. Bod.* And so for that you struggled with her, base unconstant man.

*Bod.* My soothing charmer, I was so enraged at her impudence, that I was in the act of seizing her to take her to the President as you just entered.

*Mrs.*

*Mrs. Bod.* O Mr. Bodkin, you'll break my heart.

*Bod.* (*patting her cheek*) Come deary, let not the violence of your love betray you into such excess: when you think of your own charms and my discernment, love, I'm sure your mind will be at ease again.

*Mrs. Bod.* Well, well, Mr. Bodkin, I was hasty; true love's always violent. (*she runs to Bodkin, they lock arms*)

*Bod.* Adieu, fairest.

*Mrs. Bod.* Adieu, dearest. [*Exit Mrs. Bodkin.*]

SONG.—BODKIN.

A sad wicked dog have I been all my life,  
And cannot detection long 'scape,  
Unless I contrive to bamboozle my wife,  
Shall get into a dev'lish scrape.

For wife has a clapper that rattles such peals,  
They cease not from morning till night,  
My ears I must stop then, and take to my heels,  
What refuge have I but in flight?

For were I to stop whilst she scolds, spits and rails,  
Look big, swear and stagger and puff,  
My sweet face she'd maul, with her teeth, fist and  
nails,

Tho' 'twere more than hiccary tough.

Things will come to light, for they all do in time,  
If matters ben't manag'd with care;  
Supposing they do, pray then where is the crime?  
The brave ever doat on the fair.

SCENE



## SCENE VI.—Pawhatan's Court.

*Pawhatan seated on a bed of mats, the pillows of red leather, embroidered with white and coloured beads, &c. Himself attired with a robe of skins, like an Irish mantlet; on his head a crown of feathers, his hair long and black; at his head and feet a handsome young woman, on each side of the room twenty others, with their necks and shoulders painted red; about their necks a great chain of beads, to which is hung the head of some beast or bird; his principal men sitting before him in like manner. Music playing. Females headed by Benowee, dance around him, and retire opposite to him to make way for the procession.*

## MARTIAL MUSIC.

*Enter in procession Soldiers two and two; Capt. Beauclerc and Don Alphonso, Sea Officers and Sailors, two and two; Bodkin single, gaudily dressed; workmen two and two; Mrs. Bodkin single, gaily dressed; women of the President's household, two and two; Jennet and Blanche, Matilda and Gertrude, Lord Delaware and President; six men carrying the presents (among which is an imperial crown) two and two; Sir William Berkeley single, in his court dress; he makes his obeisance to Pawhatan. The gifts are presented, Pawhatan expresses by gestures his acceptance of them, and amity with the King of England. Lord Delaware, President, Beauclerc, Alphonso, and the young ladies, pay their compliments to Pawhatan, then Bodkin makes his obeisance; while this is doing, the rest are arranged in order on either side the stage. The same is also done by those who have paid their compliments to Pawhatan.*

*Enter*

*Enter natives of both sexes, two and two, dressed according to their costume on great occasions, followed by Manteo, leading in Mulahoo. They express the most obsequious respect to Pawhatan. Manteo takes Benowee from among the women, presents Mulahoo with a rope made of the bark of trees, and tells him by signs to tie it round Benowee's waist; he does so; Manteo bids him tie it fast, and make several hard knots, when done, Manteo puts one end of the rope into Benowee's hand, puts it round Mulahoo, and binds him with it also. They are now tied together with about a yard of rope between them. Then the natives go up to them, one after the other, and appear to endeavour their utmost to untie the knots. As each native retires, he signifies by a sign that it was not in his power to untie them. Manteo, Mulahoo and Benowee, then advance to Pawhatan, Manteo presents him the rope, he tries to unbind them, but all his efforts are ineffectual, at which the natives testify their applause by a great shout, and Pawhatan by his gestures expresses his entire approbation. Manteo blesses them.*

*Principal female dancer dances a passeul.*

*Natives end the dance.*

*Sir Will.* I am commissioned by the Emperor to express his sworn attachment to the King of England. He now wears the crown our royal master sent, pledging himself henceforward to live on terms of amity and peace.

*Three cheers by the populace, answered by the drums and trumpets.*

*Bod.* Should your worshipful excellencies have occasion for my services, you may command them, while this mighty Emperor keeps the peace. But if you'll be advised by me, you'll take care and bind him over properly to keep it.

CHORUS.

CHORUS of *Europeans.*

Hymen's delights they wish to prove,  
And live in chaste connubial love.  
They tell us wedlock was design'd  
To bless and to reform mankind.  
If marriages be made above,  
Then why to hate so oft turns love?  
But sages tell us otherwise,  
No marriages are in the skies.  
To mortal man alone 'twas given  
On earth this blessed state to live in.

*(The Cuckoo cries.)*

Hark the cuckoo! 'tis his voice,  
The warning don't impede his choice;  
It tells him, and perhaps tells true,  
That he may also cry cuckoo!  
But when he does his stars still blame,  
Most married men do cry the same.  
So may he throw all care away,  
And ne'er repent his wedding-day.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

G

ACT



## A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in the President's House.*

*Enter GERTRUDE with a book in her hand, sits down, opens the book, looks into it, and then throws it on the table, and rises.*

GERTRUDE.

I CANNOT read. Books have lost their charms. One only object occupies my thoughts.

*Enter DELAWARE.*

*Dela.* In tears Gertrude?

*Gert.* Ah Sir, have I not cause for weeping. My father is inexorable.

*Dela.* The President I am persuaded will not persist in forcing you to marry Mr. Percy, when he is really convinced you have not a heart to give him.

*Gert.* O Lord Delaware! (*faultering*) The faintest glimmering of hope comes but from him who is a friend to justice and to virtue.

*Dela.* (*troubled, then composing himself*) You do me justice Gertrude; were but my power respondent to my will.

*Gert.* The power is in you (*faultering*) O Lord Delaware! (*He takes hold of her hand with great respect*) 'Tis you Lord Delaware, you have disabled

abled me from submitting to my father's stern commands. Spare then my blushes, while refuge I implore from his indignant rage.

*Dela.* (*starting wildly*) Not India's wealth nor all life's best enjoyments should tempt me to it.

*Gert.* Alas my die is cast! How have I debased myself? (*aside*) O my Lord, view me now with scorn, for I have bartered woman's brightest gem. All I now ask is death or the liberty of seeking it.

*Dela.* Distraction seize mine agonizing soul! Why Gertrude, dost thou force me to confess what cannot alleviate my distress, and may add poignancy to thine? Why compel me to unfold a circumstance that plunges me in frenzy?

*Gert.* My wretchedness is unfathomable; O Lord Delaware, spare, spare, the hapless victim of her too rash confidence.

*Dela.* Tortures and racks are used t'extort confessions from poor criminals. Hell and its fiends combine to force me to disclose the deepest secret of my soul. Madam, as you tender my welfare and value your own peace, happiness and reputation, I conjure you drop this theme. Rest assured Gertrude of my fervent gratitude. I feel the extent of your unmerited preference. Time and circumstances impose imperious silence on my feelings now. (What slave so wretched as the illitarr'd Delaware?) (*aside.*)

*Gert.* (*haughtily*) My Lord I'm sensible of your present feelings. They're above my pretensions. Degraded Gertrude! (*aside*) One short hour will supply both time and circumstance. 'Tis but to resolve.

*Dela.* How Gertrude? resolve to marry a man you cannot love. Better it were, aye, and suited more to dignity and honor to wander mendicant

from door to door, subject to nature's keenest wants; reviled and buffeted by the veriest scum of earth, than be a pander to one's own infamy. To make one man possessor of the person, whilst another holds the heart, is to level man with the sumpter beast, to interrupt the harmony of congenial souls, to barter sympathy and spirit for venal clay, to war against great nature's master. But I think too much of self in thus addressing you; forgive me Gertrude, I lose myself.

*Gert.* Fallen as I am before you, still have I a soul superior to deceit. If a beloved father's high commands could not enforce submission, think not that new invented tortures should force my tongue to utter what my heart denied.

*Dela.* Went more reproaches on me, but tempt me not to your own and mine undoing. Oh! Gertrude, in your absence I am wretched, in your presence frantic.

*Gert.* Then Sir, I leave you never to return.

[Gertrude going Delaware stops her.]

*Dela.* Those words forebode some fatal step, and bring most sad suggestions to my mind. Oh gulph of all my bliss and wretchedness. Forbear my Gertrude to look thus piteous on me, lest your anguish extort a fatal secret.

*Gert.* I neither ask nor seek to know what you think proper to conceal.

*Dela.* Gertrude, you've touched upon a cord that vainly tries to hold together a heart that's rent in twain; a heart so much a prey to grief, that you'd be wretched to have it in your keeping.

*Gert.* Then are my doubts resolved. Your heart's engaged.

*Dela.* To none but thee, Gertrude.

*Gert. (eagerly)* To none but me! Let not mine ears



ears deceive me ! O joy, O extacy ! Excuse this frantic transport. Sure you're sincere. You're too noble to deceive me. (*looking at him dejectedly*) Ah, there is something to which you would give utterance that seems to shake your manly soul. Speak it ; I am prepared for all the anguish that can o'erwhelm the veriest wreck of misery.

*Dela.* Before the magnanimity of woman, vain's the philosopher's and hero's boast. Her fortitude unmans me. Assist me Heaven in this most awful trial. (*To Gertrude in tears*) I was born the child of sorrow ; inheritors of my sweet mother's sensibility, and heir to the misfortunes of my honoured father. To prevent the agonizing struggles of wretchedness in an aged and beloved parent, I sacrificed all that can give bliss in life. All ; save my sympathy in his relief. Short was his day of ease ; endless mine of sorrow. Surely riches were but invented to purchase misery.

*Gert.* 'Twas a glorious deed and worthy of Lord Delaware ; but 'twas not a sacrifice—How joyfully would I thus purchase my dear father's peace. O, Lord Delaware, could my poor godfather's kindness be serviceable to you, then would his legacy be valuable indeed. Were the thousands, millions, they were more truly yours.

*Dela.* You wrong me, Gertrude, greatly wrong me. My all, my life I should not term a sacrifice, but——

*Gert.* (*agitated*) What—Speak

*Dela.* (*hesitating*) I, I married——

*Gert.* (*shocked and faltering*) Married !

*Dela.* Gertrude——

SONG.

## SONG.—GERTRUDE.

No more, my fate is cast, fond hope adieu,  
 Hence I renounce the world, all bliss, and *you*,  
 Thro' trackless wilds to scenes unknown I fly,  
 There give my sorrows vent, there grieve and die.  
 But when kind death shall close me in his vale,  
 Weigh not my frailty in too nice a scale:  
 Pity the maid that lov'd, but lov'd in vain,  
 Yet know her honour ne'er received a stain.

[*Exit precipitately.*]

DELAWARE *solus.*

Stay, Gertrude, stay. She's gone, perhaps for ever. I could have seized th' empyrium of felicity in mine arms. Stop there; what, turn villain and destroy the sweetest innocent, the maid who loves me, a mind that knows no limits to perfection, beauty unparagoned in human form, the lovely Gertrude? Banish th' infernal thought, it acts like fire on my brain and grapples hard with reason. Where shall I find repose either with or without thee Gertrude?

[*He sinks into a chair.*]

*Enter BODKIN, making a most obsequious bow.*

*Bod.* Good morrow to your Lordship; a charming fine day. Don't it dispose you to take a walk with me?

*Dela.* (*eyes him with great contempt*) What's your business here?

*Bod.* Dev'lish stiff rumped (*aside*) I have it in command to learn when your Lordship's dignity will have leisure to receive a visit from the President?

*Dela.*

AN OPERA.

47

*Dela.* When he pleases. He will find me in my own apartment.

*Bod.* (*in going out*) Damned lofty ! (*aside*)  
[*Exit* Bodkin.]

DELAWARE *solus.*

How little fit for business. But I must mask my feelings. Oh, misery !  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Garden.*

BEAUCLERC and JENNET *playing at Chess in the Arbour.—They come out.*

*Jen.* I told you, I'd beat you, I've been as good as my word.

*Beauc.* That Jennet, I'm sure you always will be.

*Jen.* Don't be too confident. I can give you an instance where women can deceive as well as their neighbours.

SONG—JENNET.

Young Moggy and Peggy had sweethearts to meet,  
And they fix'd on an evening in May,  
The nightingale's song was melodious and sweet,  
And the grafs was not mown for the hay.

Each swain was impatient his mistress to prove,  
And each hoped in his fair one to find,  
That what did appear sweet complacence and love,  
Was meant never to serve as a blind.

To shew you how women can cheat when they please,  
If it suit with their whims or their gains,  
Young Moggy and Peggy accomplished with ease,  
A quick marriage with each of their swains.

The



The very next morning betimes they begun,  
 Their poor husbands to tease and to vex,  
 The bridegrooms repented too late what they'd done;  
 And confessed they'd been dup'd by the sex.

*Jen.* Now what think you of Moggy and Peggy?

*Beauc.* That they were two damn'd—he hem.

*Jennet runs up to Beauclerc and puts her hand before his mouth, which he seizes and kisses rapturously.*

*Beauc.* My dear Jennet, were all women like you, neither seamen nor landsmen would have reason to complain.

*Jen.* I thank you Mr. Beauclerc for your good opinion, but lovers are ever partial, and like other filly folk think all their geese are swans.

*Beauc.* Well now Jennet, I think partiality clears the eyesight, and would disclose your blemishes the sooner, if you had any. I'll draw the portrait, you shall judge of its likeness.

#### SONG.—BEAUCLERC.

##### I.

Arabia's shrubs no odours yield  
 Compared with Jennet's breath,  
 Against her eyes no hearts are steel'd,  
 Their darts are instant death.

##### II.

The lily of the valley white,  
 So beautifully clear,  
 Loses its delicacy quite,  
 If Jennet's hand be near.

##### III.

Her jetty locks luxuriant play,  
 Her cheeks make pale the rose,  
 Her breath is like the breath of May,  
 And aquiline her nose.

IV. He<sub>r</sub>

## IV.

Her lips two cherries bursting ripe,  
 The fuller is beneath,  
 Her voice a sweet melodious pipe,  
 Two rows of pearl her teeth.

## V.

Her person's little, round and plump,  
 Her bosom's white and swell'd,  
 In short she forms the prettiest lump,  
 I ever yet beheld.

[*Exeunt together*]

SCENE III.—*A romantic situation surrounded by rocks terminated by the sea.*—GERTRUDE reclined against a rock.—Enter BEAUCLERC *slow pace, meditating, perceives her not.*

*Beauc.* How I feel for Lord Delaware? His generous heart to become a prey to sorrow, and a sorrow too without redress! I've oft been told whatever is right; but vainly have I racked my stubborn mind to believe it, and damme if I ever could think it right were I married to an ugly old woman and in love with a beautiful young one.—*(looking round he perceives Gertrude.)* Heav'ns who's here? You, Miss Gertrude? It makes me miserable to see you thus.

*Gert.* Leave me. leave me; I'm only fit company for myself.

*Beauc.* None so unfit. Come, come, I know you've displeased the President by refusing Mr.  
 H Percy.

Percy. Go and obtain his forgiveness, he has too much heart to be relentless.

*Gert.* I dare not approach his presence.

*Beauc.* Come, I'll go with you.

*Gert.* I am solemnly forbidden to attempt it, till he send for me.

*Beauc.* Excuse me, Miss Gertrude: but why do you object to the alliance your father proposes?

*Gert.* Oh, Mr. Beauclerc, I believe you a compassionate, honourable man; and should I confess my weakness, you will neither upbraid nor betray me.

*Beauc.* Common sympathy forces the one, and common honesty forbids the other.

*Gert.* Alas! Sir, my affections are engaged where attachment is a crime. One step alone can cure and end my pain.

*Beauc.* You alarm me, explain yourself.

*Gert.* When Phaon proved unkind, Leucadia's rock the wretched Sapho sought and plunged into the deep.

*Beauc.* (*seized with horror*) Presumptuous thought, Gertrude! As to that Miss Sapho who drowned herself because Master Phaon did not fancy her, she was a wicked, vain, silly wench, and I think 'tis said too, she was very ugly. Now if she were so unlike you, Gertrude, why the Devil would you act like her?

*Gert.* I knew not what I said or did; you have brought me back to reason. (*pausing*) Did Lord Delaware mention to you what passed between us?

*Beauc.* Why do you ask?

*Gert.* For a very particular reason.

*Beauc.* I must know it before I answer you.

*Gert.* If I thought he loved me, though I could not be happy, yet I should not be completely miserable.



miserable. Now do Mr. Beauclerc tell me, does he love me?

*Beauc.* I scruple to answer you.

*Gert.* Why so?

*Beauc.* Because the less you think of each other the better,

*Gert.* Lord Sir! What harm in thinking? Do now tell me, does he love me at all?

*Beauc.* If I tell you, will you be reasonable?

*Gert.* Yes, indeed, more so than you ever knew me,

*Beac.* Why then he does; as much as man can love woman.

*Gert. (much revived)* Tell me, is Lady Delaware handsome?

*Beauc.* Uglier than sin.

*Gert.* A fine figure?

*Beauc.* Tremendous! When her late husband recovered from a fit of illness, his physician prescribed exercise as absolutely necessary, and ordered him to walk twice round his wife every day.

*Gert.* You're bantering.

*Beauc.* No caricature, I assure you.

*Gert.* Is she young?

*Beauc.* Waddled out of her teens thirty years ago.

*Gert.* Sweet tempered?

*Beauc.* As the Devil.

*Gert.* What a picture! (but it has comforted me) *(aside)* Are you and Jenet to be married and to return to England immediately after?

*Beauc.* Why I do look to that happiness.

*Gert.* Then you shall take me with you, disguised as a sailor. A fresh transport is just come in and I may be easily passed off for one of their

crew. I'll have no negative. In the mean time I'll hide myself among the rocks, and trust the rest to you.

*Beauc.* Consider the painful anxiety your poor father and friends will suffer on your account.

*Gert.* My father, you know, has discarded me, so he'll make no enquiries. And my sister will be too much taken up with her own felicity to think much about the wretched Gertrude.

*Beauc.* But consider Gertrude what you owe yourself.

*Gert.* In the last interview with my father, he wished (agonizing reflection) the Atlantic might divide us. He reminded me of my independance from the kindness of my god-father, and that I stood not in need of his assistance. Can I then second his commands better, than by exchanging the tender sanctuary of a father's bosom for the cold asylum of a gloomy cloyster? But I must ever love and revere my father. [cries

*Beauc.* You are now Gertrude too sad to be reasoned with,

[*Exeunt together among the rocks.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The Garden.*

*Enter MATILDA.*

*Mat.* Oh my poor Gertrude, how my heart bleeds for thee? How can mine feel pleasure whilst thine is tortured?

*Enter ALPHONSO.*

*Alph.* I have been seeking you Matilda. Time lingers in your absence. Ah! you weep; why flow those tears? Relieve my agitated soul.

*Mat.*

*Mat.* My sister !

*Alph.* What of her ?

*Mat.* Is unhappy !

*Alph.* And wherefore ?

*Mat.* A father's anger—I will go and endeavour  
to comfort her. [*Going she returns.*]

DUETTO.—ALPHONSO AND MATILDA.

*Alph.* Ah, sweet Matilda stay,  
Why from your lover fly,  
Why cruel tear away  
Those charms for which I die ?

*Mat.* Ah ! no, a sister dear,  
Must not unheeded sigh :  
I'll kiss away the tear  
That trickles from her eye.

*Alph.* Kind may thy father prove,

*Mat.* Nor let her plead in vain,

*Both.* But to his former love,  
Restore her once again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Rocks.*

*Enter LORD DELAWARE with solemn step.*

*Dela.* Vain's the philosophy of man ; a mud-born meteor that leads the conceited theorist to a confused and ever distant view of fancied bliss. Thus have I seen a churlish lad beguiled into precipitate avidity to catch the rainbow's end; less foolish he, than fond pretenders to philosophy, who on the occasion for its aid, crouch vanquished and aghast at the resistless ray of truth. Delusive phantoms of felicity ! Thy converse Gertrude, charms no more. No more thy presence radiates  
the



the scene. All now to me is horror, dread and universal gloom.

[*Gertrude coming from her concealment in a sailor's habit perceives Delaware—She starts and attempts retreating precipitately. Delaware calls after her—She returns.*

*Dela.* Holla ! my young tar there, a word with you.

*Gert.* Mercy ! support me. (*aside*) (*Then turning and bowing*) Did your honor call ?

*Dela.* Pray my lad what ship do you belong to ?

*Gert.* To none at present, Sir ; but I'm engaged by my kind and good master, Captain Beauclerc, to be his farving man, and I've just heard as how he's to sail for Europe as soon as he's married, and he has promised to do something for me when he gets to England.

*Dela.* You seem an honest fellow, and if you behave well to your master, I will also help you forward. What's your name ;

*Gert.* George Beatem, an please your honour.

*Dela.* That's a good name.

*Gert.* I hope its owner will never disgrace it.

*Dela.* There's something uncommonly interesting in this lad's countenance. (*aside*)

*Gert.* Any further commands for me at present, your honor ?

*Dela.* At the pavilion you will find one Bodkin, tell him to admit you to Lord Delaware's apartment ; there await me.

*Exit Gertrude with a short bow.*

*Enter Beauclerc and Sea Officer.*

*Beauc.* I have to inform your Lordship I shall shortly prepare for Old England.

*Dela.*

## AN OPERA.

55

*Dela.* I shall not remain here long after you. The workings of an agitated mind 'twixt love and honor have so reduced my health, that here I could not look to one short month's existence. The colony has now sufficient strength to frighten all the tribes into submission. Every thing seems to prosper, but the unhappy Delaware.

[*Exeunt Delaware and Beauclerc.*]

*Sea Officer solus.*

Since my knowledge of Ld. Delaware, never have I seen his noble mind so agitated. Something uncommon must affect him. We have all our trials. Mine were they known, would command the sympathy of every feeling heart.

### SONG.—SEA OFFICER.

Fair Kitty gave to all delight,  
Her charms a thousand hearts had won,  
But woe to me one fatal night,  
I gazed, I lov'd, I was undone.

O, she was so fair, so pretty,  
All she said was sweet or witty,  
Then listen to a sailor's ditty,  
Whose heart still doats on lovely Kitty.

My sighs she answer'd with a smile,  
That forster'd whilst it lull'd the pain,  
I unsuspecting Woman's guile,  
To faithless Kitty smil'd again.

Oh, she was, &c.

In sportive scorn the tyrant fair,  
From me her smiles on others threw,  
To others I in vain repair,  
But Kitty's ever in my view.

Oh, she was, &c.

SCENE

## SCENE VI.—DELAWARE'S Apartment.

GERTRUDE *on entering perceives DELAWARE and BEAUCLERC coming*—*She retires to the further end of the room.*

*Enter DELAWARE and BEAUCLERC.*

*Dela. (agitated)* Gertrude not to be found?

*Beauc.* So it is said.

*Dela.* When was she seen last?

*Beauc.* Not since her visit to you.

*Dela.* Oh my foreboding heart! Did you see her after she left me?

*Beauc.* I did.

*Dela.* Where?

*Beauc.* Reclined upon a rock, the very model of despair.

*Dela.* What said she? Quickly relieve my anguish.

*Beauc.* Why she talked most wildly—Something about some love-sick girl who drowned herself, and appeared to me to have thoughts of doing the same.

*Dela.* Did you not prevent her?

*Beauc.* I hope I did.

*Dela.* Are you not sure of it? You answer not; I shall go distracted. Oh, Gertrude! Gertrude! Beloved, adored Gertrude! Never to behold thee more. To what further wretchedness are the few days I can survive thee, doomed?

*[Sits down in despondency.]*

*Enter STRANGER.*

*Str.* Gentlemen, your servant.

*Beauc.*



*Beauc.* What's your tongue untied my honest Dutchman?

*Str.* Ick come to maeke you danks for saving myne life. I beg a passage to Europe where I fall all repay you grootly.

*Dela.* If it break not too deeply into confidence, may I be allowed to ask your history? But rest assured that I will answer for your passage to Europe.

*Str.* Time was, when on the exchange of Antwerp, myne naeme was goodt for million ducats as for twentigh poundes.

*[A gun fires, several cry out a sail, a sail.]*

*Str. (continues)* Was sick of war and troubles of mine country. Left myne house, myne vrow, and all to seek quiet in America. De skip was wrecked off Duveyls Island; no more as dree escaped. Four years we lived daer alone. Lost my surviving companion but laest monthe. Not four days before kind moeder providence send you to save myne lyfe—Six canoes of vagrant savage men did land and forced me to lie vatt in d'hole of rock, daer from I crept unseen, and flipped into de boat as you not forget.

*Beauc.* 'Twas a lucky hit for you too, Master Antwerpian. Aye, and I remember noticing with what agility you sprang into the boat. I at first thought you serving man to the Spanish nobleman.

*Enter BODKIN in a violent hurry.*

O lord, O gemini, great news my lord!

*Dela. (hastily)* What news?

*Bod.* I am come like a flying squirrel to bring your Lordship the great and happy tidings of my Lady Delaware's arrival in the Chesapeak.

I

*Dela.*

*Dela.* (in extreme perturbation) Lady Delaware arrived!

*Bod.* Fact, upon my soul! A fine portly lady; she's all in motion to find your Lordship, I never saw any thing so eager in my life. She'll be here before your Lordship can hickup. [*Exit Bodkin.*

[*Delaware expresses silent irritation and despair.*

*Enter LADY DELAWARE hastily and runs up to LORD DELAWARE, embraces him eagerly, he being cold and reserved.*

*Lady Dela.* Ah! Lieven Heer, are you not ravished to see me, sweet hearten? I could not live without you. [*Stranger listening very attentively to every word, examining her from top to toe.*

*Dela.* Your Ladyship has I fear had a rough voyage. (My cup of sorrows overflows indeed, but I will swallow the deepest dreg) (*aside*)

*Stranger still unperceived by Lady Delaware, in the utmost astonishment exclaims!* Myne Lieven Godt! Uvrow Van Inkel.

*Lady Dela.* (screaming outrageously) De Duyvel, de Duyvel. [*She looks at the Stranger and faints away; Lord Delaware supporting her.*

*Beauc.* (eagerly to the Stranger) Do you know her?

*Str.* Myne wyfe dese five and dertigh Yaren. (*Gertrude appears petrified with surprise at the back of the scene; Beauclerc shews extatic signs of frantic joy, and looks slily at Gertrude. Then very solemnly addressing Lord Delaware* My Lord, here's a claim upon you.

*Dela.* (confused and agitated, settling Lady Delaware on a sofa) Beauclerc, thou spokest? (What, more

more dregs? I've a swallow for the whole Atlantic) (*aside*)

*Beauc.* This stranger my Lord, claims this lady as his lawful wedded wife these five and thirty years.

*Lady Delaware* recovering on the sofa, eyes the Stranger, and again falls back, kicks convulsedly, and screams out, a ghost! a ghost!

*Beauc.* No, no, Madam; he's flesh and blood. [*eyeing the Stranger*] and still too good for you. (*aside*)

*Str.* (*Taking up Lady Delaware from the sofa, presents her to Lord Delaware and Beauclerc:* Dis is myne wife, Uvrōw Van Inckel.

*Dela.* If she assent I must resign. [*bowing very formally.*

*Lady Dela.* (*snappishly to Stranger*) I believed you doodt: how got you here?

*Dela.* And what remains of her fortune?

*Str.* Not one Stuyver backe shall I receive. De miserie she moet gegaven you is boven alle price. Daers more as I deserve yet to be finden in Antwerp, which she knew not. To you preservers of myne life I stand a speaking monument of his deserts, who basely quits his country's cause in danger and fears to stand up against domestic trials.

[*Exeunt Stranger and wife, arm in arm.*

*Beauc.* Bravo, Mynheer Van Inckle; here's Dutch philosophy for you! (*To Lord Delaware*) How will Gertrude feel when she hears this?

*Dela.* Could she alas but feel? Even this reverse of fortune comes too late. Now that I could with honour call thee mine; thou art no more. O still happilefs Delaware!

*Beauc.* (*scarcely able to articulate, pointing to Gert.*) She's there, she's there.



*Dela.* (*looking wildly round*) There—Where, where? Prithee Beauclerc, play not upon me.

*Beauc.* (*goes up to Gert. throws off her false hair and neck handkerchief*) Now is this Gertrude or George Beatem.

[*Dela. runs and clasps her in his arms.*

*Dela.* It is, it is my Gertrude! This extacy o'er pays an age of sorrow. Speak Gertrude, that thy voice may once more cheer my soul?

*Gert.* (*with emotion*) I cannot speak. (*sobs*)

*Beauc.* (*wiping his eyes*) Damme, crying's catching.

*Gert.* In this disguise I thought to have secur'd my flight, resolved to end my wretched days in some sequestered cloister forgotten and unknown.

*Dela.* Never forgotten Gertrude whilst I had memory. But now the sun has pierced the mist, may I entreat thee to live and bless me?

*Gert.* Lord Delaware, I am yours. Oh, heavens! (*aside*)

*Dela.* It over powers her (*aside*) Gertrude our wretchedness is turned to bliss; hence it shall never cease. [*They embrace and exeunt.*

*Beauclerc appears frantic with joy, dances and jumps about.*

*Beauc.* I'll go and inform the President of all, Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

## DUETTO.—BEAUCLERC AND BODKIN.

### SONG.—BEAUCLERC.

Here is a day, a day of wonders,  
Most strange events, more pleasant blunders:  
Who could have thought this strange Mynheer,  
Would in Virginia find his dear,

Poor

Poor sot he even risk'd his life,  
To get rid of a scolding wife.

*Enter BODKIN singing.*

And so would I, if I could sever,  
My damn'd rib from my side for ever.  
Or e'en if like this Dutchman here,  
Her former spouse would but appear,  
Bodkin would once again be free,  
Great as his Lordship, he he he, &c. &c. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Cape Henry in Chesapeake Bay:*

*The ship in readiness on the sea. Martial music.  
Enter in proper orders and dresses all the Persons  
who had before appeared, except Delaware and  
Gertrude.*

*Pres.* Where is my Gertrude?

*Beauc. (joyfully)* I'll go bring her to you.

[*Exit Beauclerc.*

*Pres.* This is a day of joy.

*Ben.* But sorrow to poor Benowee.

SONG.—BENOWEE.

Gallant English soft mine anguish,  
To poor heart dear hope restore,  
English go, I sorry languish,  
Benowee see you no more.

English

English go, dey all forget me,  
 My poor heart will soon be break,  
 Heaven good to us he let ye,  
 Come for all poor Indian's sake.

Wicked fate why so you sever,  
 Friend from friend, oh cruel pain,  
 Happy days go away for ever,  
 English no return again.

*Enter BEAUCLERC leading in GERTRUDE, dressed in her proper clothes. DELAWARE following, GERTRUDE kneels to the PRESIDENT, who raises her up, embraces her, presents her to DELAWARE, and joins their hands.*

*Pres.* Gertrude is yours.

*Bod.* (in a most pompous and ludicrous manner goes up to Delaware.) My Lord I hope your Lordship will permit the most obsequious and devoted of your Lordship's most obedient humble servants to express his congratulations on this very happy, joyful, pleasant and most agreeable occasion.

*Dela.* Mr. Bodkin I thank you, and though I refused taking a walk with you, I'm happy to take you by the hand on the present occasion.

Thrice happy we, who in this virgin soil,  
 A British scyon view luxuriant shoots  
 Display: Blest earnest of the fairest fruit,  
 Fruit that thro' all vicissitudes of time,  
 Change and decay of nature will retain  
 Its native excellence, and proudly speak  
 The stock primæval, whence it nobly sprung.

DUET



## AN OPERA.

63

### DUET AND CHORUS.

*Gert. & Benowee.* } Fell sorrow's gone by, dull gloom is dispersing,  
*Alphonso & Mat.* } Sunshine's returning to gladden the plain,  
                              } Secure from perils, what joy in rehearsing,  
                              } Pleasures and blifs that follow our pain.

### FULL CHORUS.

Let none despair, for sooner or later,  
Blifs comes about to all in their turn,  
Want makes enjoyment often the greater,  
From that alone its value we learn.

*Beauc. & Jen.* } Wedlock's the calling I find the most pleasing,  
*Sir W. & Blanche.* } Suits with my health, my temper and mind,  
                              } Dull is the single state, ever most teasing,  
                              } All joys and blifs in marriage we find.

### FULL CHORUS.

Let none despair, for sooner or later,  
Blifs comes about to all in their turn,  
Want makes enjoyment often the greater,  
From that alone its value we learn.



THE END.

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